And to think, none of this would have happened if she hadn’t checked her voicemail.

*Hey this is Pam, I’m trying to reach Kayla Kemp?*

*I’ve reviewed your application to the Spartanburg County Yeng division, and I think that you’d be the perfect person for the job!*

*Feel free to contact me at 864—*

Blah blah blah, you get the picture. It was so weird to think about it now, but if she hadn’t been expecting a call from her sister that morning, Kayla might never have even learned that her application on Indeed even *did* anything! She had taken a real long shot even applying for a position like that—it had said right there on the application that a High School Diploma had been the education requirements, and it wouldn’t have been the first time that having her G.E.D. on her resume had barred her from an opportunity…

But all of that was in the past, more than two promotions ago—her life was better than ever, and it was all thanks to the good people at the Yeng Corporation!

“Now, this job *is* going to be a bit more technical than your last one.” Pam had told her, holding one plump finger in the air before bringing it down over certain key areas of her contract, “There’s going to be a lot of leadership and team-building involved here, so we’re going to help set you up with a few classes to earn a 2-year degree, partnering with Upstate—”

“Oh hey, McKenna goes there!” Kayla exclaimed excitedly, her double chins creasing into a second smile as she encompassed the other side of her boss’s desk, “My daughter, I mean…I’ve talked about her before, right?”

“Once or twice.”

The pause was just long enough to seem important to Kayla—though what the slight shift in Pam’s intonation at the mention of her daughter could have meant, she had no idea.

“At any rate.” Pam continued, chipper as ever, “If you’re willing to take on a little extra responsibility, I’ll put the papers in, and you’ll be our newest R&D Supervisor in two shakes of a lamb’s tail!”

And honestly, how was *anyone* going to say ‘no’ to that? Taking someone with little schooling, a single mother, who would have (even by her own admission) probably wound up working behind a counter somewhere if she’d quit the Amazon warehouse, and offering them this amazing opportunity—complete with a meteoric pay increase, equivalency programs to go towards a degree, and a waived down payment in one of the partnered housing developments—was like shooting fish in a barrel.

Kayla Kemp couldn’t afford to say no to an opportunity like this!

And within just a few short weeks Kayla Kemp had moved out of her dumpy old little house on the Mill Hill, and was on to bigger and better things in the gated development just outside of Boiling Springs.

Things were never going to be the same for Kayla, or her daughter, ever again. And it was all thanks to checking her voicemail…

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The first thing that Kayla had noticed on her first trip home after the move was that the doorways to her mother’s new house were fucking *wide*.

There was a traditional “front door” that sat at an unusually spacious forty-two inches. It had a pretty frosted window with an ironwood plating that matched the wrought-iron trimmings on the rest of the houses in the neighborhood. But as with most homes in the south, the Kemp Household was one of those whose occupants used the side-door as the “main” entrance. The large French doors were located just off the car port, underneath the awning in place of a typical garage, and led straight to the living room/kitchen area, and their privacy was guarded by an atypical privacy hedge grown over one side of the port.

Given they opened up to a full length of almost one hundred inches and the small ramp that led up to them, clearly visible from the outside of the house, you could almost be forgiven for thinking that they had been designed with Mrs. Kemp in mind.

Because she sure as hell wasn’t going to be fitting through the *actual* front door at the rate that she was going.

“Hi honey!”

The great talking stomach that was her mother almost fully eclipsed the doorway, though not to the degree which she had in their increasingly cramped home of the past twenty years. The wider berth of its opening meant that she *could* squeeze through, but the ease of the short walk from getting out of her car meant that she had very little reason to. By her own admission, Kayla coming home had been one of the few times that she’d actually bothered to use the “main” entryway of her new house.

“Hi momm—OOF!”

Throwing her arms around her daughter, Kayla could almost engulf McKenna with nothing but her watermelon breasts and ham hock upper arms. Her stomach wrapped around her daughter on either side now if she held her tightly—and Kayla Kemp *always* liked to hug her daughter tightly.

“It’s gon’ be so good to have you home again!” Mrs. Kemp crooned as she snaked her thick arms around McKenna’s plump waist, “Well, *technically* home for the first time~”

“Love…whatchu…done with the place…” McKenna rasped out as her mother squeezed the air out of her.

Freed from her mother’s grasp and placed firmly back on the ground, McKenna had to wait for enough space to open up in the doorway before she could drag her chubby buns through. Knowing that all of this came from the Yeng corporation made stepping through the threshold kind of creepy—these were the same folks that had tried to fatten her up like a Christmas goose when *she* worked for them, and had done more or less the same to her momma…

Though, it wasn’t like Mrs. Kemp hadn’t been a much more *willing* participant. With the way Yeng led her around by the nose, you would have thought that a three-hundred-pound weight gain was nothing at all if the paycheck was just as fat!

“Let’s get you inside, honey bun—I *just* had the groceries delivered, and dinner should be on the way…”

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With all of the proverbial gears turning in her life thanks to all of the hard work she had put in at her job, it seemed like everything was coming up Kayla for once—

She had a swanky new job with a fancy office in a different part of the plant, and she barely had to do much of anything at all, outside of bossing around a few interns and looking over a few case files!

“Hey Coffee Boy—” she discerned a name from the name badge that hung around the poor college kid’s neck, but decided against using it, “—think you could grab me a few’a those donuts from the break room?”

Her office chair creaked and groaned beneath her as she shifted uncomfortably in the armless throne, one of her many nameless peons shuffling off while she picked uncomfortably at the waistband of her skirt as the middle of her stomach lapped over it.

*Ugh*, *I’m the boss ‘round here—why should I hafta tuck my gut in?*

Fiddling with the clasp of her expensive tailored suit, Kayla looked around her empty office suspiciously before finagling it undone. Pulling back the flap and zipping it downward, she allowed her massive middle some breathing room as it poured out and down like a snowy white avalanche.

“*Ahhh~*”

She sighed in relief, glad to be rid of that pesky pressure that had built up after an heroic breakfast, a modest pre-lunch, and about three other interns that had been sent to the break room for donuts and coffee. She laid her hands to rest on her stomach as it sagged thickly between and over her enormous thighs—her mega-sized computer chair groaning that much more sharply as whatever tension Kayla’s body had left slowly dissolved as she descended further into comfort…

“Knock knock~!”

Pam’s sudden intrusion had caused Kayla to stiffen back up again, forcing the zipper on her skirt even further down, with a slight *rip* sound added in for good measure. The super-sized supervisor had been so engrossed in trying to pull up a now busted zipper and re-sheathing her stomach that she had hardly noticed her own porky superior standing in the doorway—a box of cupcakes in hand.

“P-Puhm!”

Her voice came out thick and husky, deepened by the awkward angle of her puddling chins as she struggled to un-recline herself *and* make herself decent. If Pam had minded the mild display of flagrancy for company dress-code policy, she hadn’t made it known.

“Oh Kayla, you don’t have to worry about that—it’s just us girls here!” Pam clucked, “Ain’t nobody gonna tell.”

Feeling satisfied, albeit still more than a little embarrassed, Kayla’s hands traveled from the outermost swell of her gut to the surface of her desk so that she may better steer her descent back into an upright position. Her belly collided with the edge of the table, and rolled over the top as she positioned herself back in the upright position. Carefully folding her thick arms in front of the offending fissure of fat as it split down the middle of her skirt, she did her best to put it out of her mind.

“What, uh… what can I help you with?” she asked, her round face red and puddly, “You never stop by my office—”

“Because I know you’re doing such great work! Seriously, your team is the *best* one that we’ve got under our belts right now, and I just know that it’s *all* thanks to you being put at the top!”

Kayla blinked slowly, a smile spreading between her cheeks as she tried to pretend that she understood just how that could rightfully be true, considering that she only knew the people on her team by the names that were on the reports. She hadn’t seen any of the members of Research & Development since the day she took this job. In fact, all she really did was work a few hours a day and spend the rest of her time fiddling around on her phone…

Well, and maybe having a snack or two here and there…

Ooh, and the power lunches with the other Research & Development Supervisors—those sure did eat up a lot of time!

“Well, that’s great I guess…” she clicked her tongue, trying not to sound rude by pushing the conversation along, “So… what brings you by, hun?”

“Well, I just wanted to give you a little gift—”

Pam pulled from behind her back a tablet with a large 10-inch screen; Kayla immediately recognized it as one of their in-house brands, the Y-Pad. She had used them back when she was on the Product Consultant team to log how many (err) *the quality* of the food that she ate. Meeting her quota with such style and panache had been the reason she’d gotten this job in the first place—how could she *not* recognize the good ol’ Y-Pad?

“—and was wondering if you’d be able to help out a little in ProCon when you get the chance?” Pam asked with a guilty wince, “It wouldn’t be anything too terrible, and we’d pay you for your trouble! Just order a few snacks when you’re not busy and log them just like you would back in your old station.”

Pam nodded approvingly as she took the tablet and placed it on her desk—its little kickstand magnetized against her desk’s metal frame.

“Sure, I could use a snack!” she joked, leaning forward hungrily to open up the familiar in-company app that had gotten her where she was today, “My first intern *still* hasn’t shown up with the donuts I asked for…”

The people at the Yeng Corporation knew how to treat a lady—for that much, Kayla could be sure.

For all of the time that she had been working with them, there had literally never been an obstacle that they couldn’t help her overcome. Whether it be the distance from her home and work place, her inexperience in managing teams and business terms, or even just her relative lack of formal education, they were willing to help push her along so that she could be more than just the person who she thought that she would always be in her life.

So *what* if that meant she was getting thicker around the middle? Being successful was *way* more important than being skinny.

“Okay, and I get all that, but mama…” McKenna held out her hands slowly, cautiously, like she was approaching a time bomb, “Don’t you think you’re taking that a little too extreme?”

“Extreme­*ly*.” Kayla corrected with a little sniff, “Present tense verb usage, hun—it ain’t that hard.”

McKenna just rolled her eyes as her mother sat back in her bench-seated place at the breakfast table. The latest in a long line of contraptions afforded to them by the Yeng Corporation, and seemingly the last chair in existence besides a straight-up throne that was capable of holding her mother’s titanic ass. Not content to have her one chair singled out among the others, now *all* of them were that same industrial metal and black monstrosities. Like she wasn’t ever going to have anyone over that was *normal* sized ever again.

It felt so strange to sit down for breakfast, plop down in a bench wide enough for two people to sit comfortably, and *feel* her ass spreading wider and wider every week while knowing she was nowhere near either end of the damn thing.

Every time she came home from college, McKenna was shocked to see that her mother had somehow inflated even further outwards from the already improbably size that she had been when she’d last left. From the mind-bending (not to mention *couch* bending) weight that she had reached right around the time that her daughter had come home for the Summer in Junior Year, McKenna’s massive momma had only gotten fatter and fatter. By the time Senior Year rolled around, she was getting caught in every doorway that wasn’t approved by the Yeng architectural group—

Of course, now that she had graduated and they were living together again, it was easy to see just *how* she was getting so big. Yeng fed Mrs. Kemp like a dairy cow; they were for sure the ones stocking the fridge, cabinets, and counter space with all of the brands and goodies that Kayla recognized from her time as a Product Consultant, and she’d put on almost a hundred pounds in just a little under two semesters!

With her poor momma going on *three and a half years* working for these people, it wasn’t much of a surprise that she was rapidly approaching sizes that McKenna had only seen previously on TLC.

“Oh shoot—I’m gon’ be late for work.”

No surprise there. If it hadn’t been for McKenna making an entrance and bugging her mother about the fact that *literally* the entire breakfast table was covered with just her first meal of the day, she might never have snapped out of the trance she had fallen into while clearing away about two-thirds’ of it. The fact that she still had room for *more*—as evidenced by her still struggling to reach out with one porky hand for a bratwurst—was no less surprising, either.

“Feel free to pick up where I left off here.” Mrs. Kemp said with no small lack of favor as she jiggled her waist-thick right arm towards the arm of her seat, “You *know* how I feel about leftovers.”

Mrs. Kemp barely had to rise under her own power anymore! Every piece of furniture was slowly being replaced with similar items that were reinforced, automated and hydraulic; all under the Yeng brand, and all almost *patently* tailored towards the ever-expansive mass that was McKenna’s momma’s ass.

The Yeng-brand Dining Suite was one such piece—the table and chairs placed on an extensive layout of machinery that actually pushed the table back (in any direction, but almost always against whatever way Kayla had been sitting that morning) and actually rose up so as to allow its seater to come to a full stand.

Mrs. Kemp’s fat stomach plopped down thunderously back into place, swishing and swaying as her great weight settled back into its natural orientation of heavy apron that hung over her knees. The elastic blend that was woven into her enormous pant suits never skipped a beat as it stretched and conformed to the sudden shift in shape. If it weren’t for Yeng, McKenna doubted that her mother would have even been able to *buy* clothes, much less wear them in such style. But then, without Yeng, she almost certainly wouldn’t have gotten so fat in the first place.

While she was well aware of the part that the insidious corporation had played in blowing her mother up into such a stupendous size, what was a daughter to do? Her momma wouldn’t listen, she wouldn’t take any of her misgivings towards the company seriously no matter *how* many articles she tried to pull up and read to her, and most importantly… *she wouldn’t go on a diet!*

This whole Yeng mess had slowly taken over her life—do you have *any* idea how hard it was to find a job that wasn’t connected to that stupid company in any way, shape or form?

“Be good, honey.” Her mother leaned in for a kiss on the cheek as she waddled towards the mudroom that led out the side doors and to the car port, “And try to clean up a little, huh? You know the maid can only do so much!”

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Even at work, Kayla Kemp didn’t do much for herself—if anything at all.

Over time, as her promotion to Research & Development Supervisor had been solidified, more and more improvements had been made to her office in the name of “efficiency”. A push-button paging system mounted on a horseshoe-shaped desk that wrapped around her enormity had been installed that allowed her to carry her will all the way across the building through a web of increasingly beleaguered and overworked interns seemingly designed simply and only to fetch their boss her snacks. Her office chair had been replaced with a modified (the “business suite” version, is what Pam had called it) Yeng Recliner that allowed her to sit comfortably and multitask with a Y-pad built into the arm.

Her files were all digitized by yet another team of interns, allowing her to approve, deny, and review her assignments with the flick of a wrist! All while the *other* wrist worked hard on approving edible products for the Product Consultant assignments that she had taken on in hopes of earning some extra scratch…

*Literally* all of which she had personally taste-tested—*multiple* times, in the name of “efficiency”.

It was no mystery that her lazy work life had gone a long way in helping to heft her up to the size she was—downright legendary among those in the upper echelons of the company, the ones that knew better than to chow down on the food that was made readily available just about everywhere they looked.

But, after all, it was all done in the name of doing her job to the best of her abilities—Kayla had always been like that, honest!

Even when “doing her job” hadn’t been quite so delicious…

“Kayla!” Pam jiggled into the doorway, “Working hard or hardly working?”

Mrs. Kemp burped in response, beached at her desk and absolutely stuffed beyond all measure. She had eaten *so much* since the day had started; and without even realizing it! All these snacks added up, especially when one took her first and second breakfasts into account. It wasn’t even lunch time and she felt like she was getting ready to pop…

“Ughhhh…” was about the most intelligent response that the poor whale could manage as she clutched either side of her stomach, “Wha?”

“That’s what we like to hear.” Pam chuckled as she took another step forward into Kayla’s increasingly crowded office, one kruller in hand as she dipped it into a mug of coffee, “In fact, we’re all pretty impressed with how well you’ve adjusted to your new position here! Especially your *handicap*.”

“Han…dicap?” Kayla burbled, drunk on enough breakfast and junk food to stun an elephant, “Whaddaya…?”

“Well, we’ve *all* seen you struggling to get through the front door, honey.” Pam clicked her tongue, shaking her head like it was the most obvious thing in the world, “It’s nothing to be *ashamed* about—quite the contrary! I just got clearance from Director Arznable to grant you work from home duty… if you’re interested.”

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“Well, I sure as hell am jealous of you, sissy.” Fat Aunt Sally said with a laugh, “I been workin’ with these people for *years* and ain’t never made it off the line—here you are livin’ it up!”

It had been quite a while since Kayla and her sister had seen each other. At least two hundred pounds ago, that was for sure. With the way that Sally’s eyes had widened when the door opened on an automated hinge, and she walked into the living room to see her sister, almost quite literally pinned down on the couch by her own enormousness.

“Well…” her voice was slow and heavy, almost unrecognizable from the tinny southern drawl that had characterized her in their youth, “Maybe if you keep on workin’ hard…”

Just about every other word was fair game to a pause for a bite of food. There was a smorgasbord laid out in front of her, all of it familiar brands that had been putting money in their wallets and fat on their figures for years now.

Sally had been under no illusions that her little sister was finally catching up to her in terms of size—she’d been warning her that the same thing would happen to her if she weren’t careful!—but seeing her in such a state had been something that nobody could have expected. Even *with* McKenna’s cryptic warnings…

*“Momma’s gotten a little… heavier since you saw her at my graduation…*”

Though considering how much heavier *she* had been, Sally couldn’t say that she was surprised when she plopped down next to her sister and two out of four tickets had been dedicated to her and her alone… the other two having gone to her “Fat Aunt Sally”, naturally.

“Y’want somethin’ t’eat?” Kayla spread her arm wide and vague over the feast of fast food that had littered the table in front of her, “I got plenty.”

“I would love some.” Sally smiled as she partook from the bounty that her sister had laid out for her, “You got a place for a girl to sit down, or what?”

Kayla looked to either side of her, fat chins squishing ever so slightly as her head turned to the left and right in order to make sure that there was enough room on the couch to support as much space as the two of them would need.

“Wanna… move to the kitchen?” Sally asked finally, cocking a brown eyebrow as she unwrapped what she’d plucked from the table, “Those chairs look plenty big.”

“I’d… love to.” Kayla smiled eagerly as she pressed a button on her computer, leaving Sally in awe as the whole gosh-darned couch started to whir and lift—the sheer enormousness of Kayla’s colossal figure coming to life as her eating space receded in favor of helping its immense occupant stand on her own two feet.

“I gotta tell ya, Kay…” Sally whistled, “You got this company wrapped around your little finger.”